

with an undergraduate elopement and concluding with four families. Time has been kinder to him than to his son-in-law; he has been preserved by his daughter, as Dr. Beddoes could not be by the son whom he left a child of six. So that Richard Edgeworth still looms through the haze of a hundred years as the inventor of the 'tellograph', and perambulators for measuring land, and carriages on one wheel, and carriages with sails, and new kinds of locks and clocks, not to mention an iron-framed spire with tiles painted to look like Portland stone, which rose on to its church-tower at the call of a bugle—'with a slow majestic motion', says Maria, in her enthusiasm quoting Matthew Arnold before his birth. He is remembered too as the friend of Sandford-and-Merton Day (up to the death of that educator by being thrown from a young horse which did not appreciate his admonitions), and the triumphant husband of two sisters whom Dr. Day had successively wooed in vain; until he ended as a patriarch surrounded by nineteen children, together with a sprinkling of sisters of wives past and present. His daughter Axma Beddoes remains a vaguer figure—the best and most amiable woman in the world', says Humphry Davy; she seems to have been as gay and witty as her husband and, in after years, her son were shy and

reserved.

There is, however, one relationship where Dr. Beddoes can be seen at his ease—in the correspondence with the sister of a young lady (not, so far as I can tell, the heroine who leapt over the great dog, but another) who had a hysterical attack through smelling his nitrous oxide. He became a great friend of both, and these letters to the younger show quite a new side of him, with their stress on the importance of gaiety and their teasing of her and of himself. Yet the end of his life, which came suddenly on